

# WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

No. 171

With which is incorporated  
The International Socialist Review for Australasia.

SYDNEY: AUGUST 2 1913

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,  
for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

PRICE, ONE PENNY.

## An Appeal.

I am just a common worker,  
With no writer's skill at all;  
But I want to tell the comrades  
Of the "International."

It's the only workers' paper,  
That is battling for the right;  
And it's backed up by an army  
Always looking for a fight.

When it tackles the exploiters,  
I feel I want to cheer;  
For I know it's cutting satire  
Makes them feel a trifle queer.

Keep the paper going, comrades,  
Leave the plutish press unread;  
Get the suns in their thousands,  
Paint your town a blooming red.

W. R. W.

## The Passing Show.

The plutes say "Every patriot should be ready to die for his country," but the real patriot wants to live and work for his country, not die for it.

Every time Judge Heydon fines a worker he robs his family of some of the necessities of life.

One of the Commandments says "Thou shalt not kill." But the capitalists say it is right to kill when we hoist a flag over you. You needn't have any quarrel with those you kill. Their flag is an insult to us, down with it. Up with our flag!

A military man passed through Sydney a few days ago, and gave it as his opinion that Australia would be safe from Japan for at least 100 years. "If Japan wanted to invade Australia," he said, "she would want money to do it with, and would have to go to England and America for it who would, of course, refuse to assist."

We don't go with the military gent in his belief that English and American Capitalists would not assist Japan. English Capitalists have furnished Japan with warships, and armament, and there is no reason to believe that they would not furnish her with money.

If Japan invaded Australia, the loyal and patriotic would have the comfort of knowing that they were being shot at with English guns and riddled with British bullets.

What the Capitalists are capable of has been evidenced in Mexico. No sooner have one set obtained the upper hand there than another set, by secret assassination, and open civil war, overthrow them. The Mexicans have been fooled for years by rival Capitalists, but it looks as if they at last had partly seen through it, for last week they tore the American and British flags down and jumped on them. After that, they hoisted the Japanese flag and cheered it. They have not yet found out that one Japanese flag is flown by still another set of assassins.

An American contemporary says: "In Panama, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, the railroads have been built entirely by the State. The total cost of construction and equipment of the Australian railroads is given at £153,000,000. The net earnings are £6,000,000. This amount is used annually for the purpose of paying off the debt incurred in building the roads because it is not the intention of the Government to make profits."

The public debt is not being paid off; it is being rapidly increased by our statesmen, who, seeing that we were not getting into debt fast enough, decided recently to waste a few millions a year on guns and ammunition. Our Governments own and manage the railways, but they send the earnings to European financiers in interest.

A Laborite was fined in Adelaide, a few days ago, for howling at Joe Cook's election meeting in that city. The man persisted in charging Cook with having once been a Labor man. The hard part of his punishment was that he was stung under an Act passed by his own party—the Labor Party.

## The Adventures of William Mug.



## He Believes in Defending "His" Home.

An announcement in music-shop windows in Sydney, informs us that "There's someone in Australia." Don't we know it. The papers are full of the doings and sayings of Wade.

The President of the Wesleyan Conference in Plymouth, says that what the world needs to-day is some of the "old Methodist spirit." Judging by the world's drink bill, the old familiar juice is much more in demand.

A boss slaughterman of Sydney has formulated a scheme for prevention of strikes. It is a kind of insurance scheme, under which the master class is to deduct 10 per cent. from the workers' wages until the amount totals two months' pay. The money is to be banked, and provided no strike occurs, the men are to get the interest at the end of the year. If they strike, they lose the money, which goes to the masters. It is a fine scheme—for the masters.

The British Government's Irish land policy is a huge success, that is from the landlord's point of view. The Government buys the landlords out at boom prices, and sells the land to the peasants, who resell it back to the landlords. This is the system which was going to wipe landlordism out.

The N.S. Wales Liberal Party's Closer Settlement system is founded on the same practical principles.

A man was recently sworn in as a J.P. in a football guernsey. The occasion moved Sydney "Sun" to comment on his want of dignity. The "Sun" evidently thinks there is more dignity in having horse-hair or a top hat on the head than sheep's wool on his body.

A strike has occurred at the Vatican, in Rome. The Pope's guards object to climb upon the roof of the Palace in search of possible enemies, and his Holiness refuses to trust in Divine Providence, so there you are.

A correspondent wrote to Mary Gilmore of "The Worker" (Sydney): "Will you think I am foolish when I tell you that I wept over the result of last elections." Mary assured the dear that she was "not the only one who wept over the elections. But we'll do better next time there is a Federal election to be fought." Perhaps they will, but not under the present leadership, nor with Conscription hanging like a millstone round the party's neck. The tears of the Labor ladies reminds one of Shakespeare's description of "Man, proud man," who drest in a little brief authority cuts such capers as makes the angels weep.

Sydney "Worker" demands the nationalisation of the Medical Profession, and in arguing for this shows that the medical men of the Board of Health made a confounded mess of the vaccination of Sydney's population, also that the Government lymph supplied was full of bacteria, "identical with those which may set up blood poisoning." Surely a curious argument in support of nationalisation.

Thus Dr. Robertson, a N.S. Wales coal

owner. An enormous surfeit of words was heard at inquiries on the cost of living, but few, if any, chairmen had ever referred to the habits now assimilated by workmen, and their excessive attendance at picture shows, football matches, race meetings, and other things with which, of late, workmen had become obsessed. Dr. Robertson before Industrial Commission—"D.L." 15/7/13.

If the Doc. only knew such things are very useful to his class. They help to handicap the workers in their fights with the master class.

Thomas Ossian, "an old unionist," writes to Sydney "Worker" from Gongolgon, describing the self-sacrifice and earnestness of some of the bush-workers during the recent Federal elections. He says "the votes in Gongolgon were 13 to 1 in favor of the Labor Party and the Referendum. Billy Bash rode 30 miles in the teeth of a cold wind and rain, and brought three more with him, to give their votes. Andy Beetson rode 25 miles, over swampy ground at the end of a hard week's work, and his son, "Young Andy," a "chip of the old block," rode 20 miles to do the same. There, he says, are the sort of unionists about Gongolgon. All the women, with the exception of perhaps one, gave their votes for the Labor Party and the Referendum. "These are the kind of men which the Labor Party will fail to dope much longer. Someone should send them a few copies of this paper."

Speaker Willis, of N.S. Wales, State Parliament has resigned the Speakership, and there has been immense rejoicing in the Liberal camp where members hate Willis more than they hate Labor. Willis says the compact between himself and the Labor Government is ended, and he is free to resume his old independency, but his real reason, no doubt, is that he regards his late company as dangerous to keep during the coming elections. Willis is no fool, and the cloud which is looming in front of the Labor Party is plainly visible.

The death of Mr. F. Schey, late Director of N.S. Wales Labor Bureau, removes an old identity from the haunts of Labor. The late Director was a good-natured man, who always did his best under the impossible conditions existing under the present system. In this he was ably assisted by J. C. Eldridge, who has been temporarily appointed Director. There is said to be a rush for the job, and several political and half-educated bounders from the Trades Hall are pulling the strings to oust Eldridge, who is the only qualified successor to the late Director. McGowen's decision in the matter will be watched by all who take an interest in the unemployed.

A few days ago some Scotsmen approached the Minister for Conscription, to ask that the kilt should be retained, as it stimulated and incited Scottish warriors to deeds of valor owing to the fact that it was the national dress of Scotland. The Minister promised consideration for the request, but it is most likely that the matter will end there. The Scotsmen fail to recognise that the Australian system is a conscript system, and that everything under conscription "tends to a drab Khaki." Under such a system warriors are not allowed to dress

up in the ancient fashions, to look pretty, and capture the girls. They are adorned, not with kilts and scarlet uniforms, but with "teddy-bear" boots and khaki bloomers. They look more murderous in the latter dress than in the former, which disguised the "hired assassins trade" under gay colours. Burns once attended a celebration of a great English naval victory, but he saw through the national dress of his countrymen, and put his thought into a few lines. He wrote:

"Ye hypocrites! Are these your pranks?  
To murder men and gi'e God thanks!  
For shame! gi'e o'er—proceed no further—  
God won't accept your thanks for murder!"

## The Enthusiast.

PETER KROPOTKIN IN "MUTUAL AID."

"Every experienced politician knows that all great political movements were fought upon large and often distant issues, and that those of them were strongest which provoked most disinterested enthusiasm. All great historical movements have had this character, and for our own generation Socialism stands in that case. 'Paid agitators' is, no doubt, the favourite refrain of those who know nothing about it. The truth, however, is that—to speak only of what I know personally—if I had kept a diary for the last twenty-four years and inscribed in it all the devotion and self-sacrifice which I came across in the Socialist movement, the reader of such a diary would have had the word 'heroism' constantly on his lips. But the men I would have spoken of were not heroes; they were average men, inspired by a grand idea. Every Socialist newspaper—and there are hundreds of them in Europe alone—has the same history of years of sacrifice without any hope of reward, and, in the overwhelming majority of cases, even without any personal ambition. I have seen families living without knowing what would be their food to-morrow, the husband boycotted all round in his little town for his part in the paper, and the wife supporting the family by sewing, and such a situation lasting for years, until the family would retire, without a word of reproach, simply saying: 'Continue; we can hold on no more!' I have seen men, dying from consumption, and knowing it, and yet knocking about in snow and fog to prepare meetings, speaking at meetings within a few weeks from death, and only then retiring to the hospital with the words: 'Now, friends, I am done; the doctor says I have but a few weeks to live. Tell the comrades that I shall be happy if they come to see me.' I have seen facts which would be described as 'idealization' if I told them in this place; and the very names of these men, hardly known outside a narrow circle of friends, too, have passed away. In fact, I don't know which most to admire, the unbounded devotion of these few, or the sum total of petty acts of devotion of the great number. Every quire of a penny paper sold, every meeting, every hundred votes which are won at a Socialist election, represent an amount of energy and sacrifice of which no outsider has the faintest idea. And what is now done by Socialists has been done in every popular and advanced party, political and religious, in the past. All past progress has been promoted by like men and by a like devotion."

When you have read this paper hand it to a friend.



## The International Socialist

Journal of Revolutionary Socialism and Industrial Unionism.

Owned and controlled by the International Socialists.

Subscription: Australia, 4s per year, 1s per quarter. Postage added to other countries.

O. W. JOHNSON, Manager.

Office: 115 GOULBURN STREET, SYDNEY.

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Contributors writing for publication should write in ink, on one side of the paper only, and with a fair space at the sides and between the words and lines. Leave plenty of room for editing.

Write on paper not larger than letter-paper, and thin enough to avoid getting us fined for over-weight.

Mark the package "Press Matter Only," and address it "To the Editor."

Write briefly and clearly, as long and undecipherable articles stand no chance of publication.

Do not send business communications to the Editor, or literary matter to the Manager. To do so only causes confusion and delay.

If your article is not published do not conclude that it is because it is of no merit, for it may be simply owing to the fact that it is not in accordance with the above rules. Where possible, articles of importance should be type-written.

### The White Slaves.

Poisonous paint on us, under the gas smiling like spectres, we gather here, leprosy's taint on us, ghost-like we pass, Watched by the eyes of you pitiless heaven! Let the stars stare at us! God to may glare at us Out of the void where he hideth so well, Sisters of midnight, be damned us in making us, Cast no like carrion to men, then forsaking us, Smiles from his throne on these markets of hell.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## Changing Views.

### Some Labor Supporters Disappear.

A clamor for Unity with the A.S.P.

The recent Federal elections have already had a good effect upon many who were weakly supporting and following the Labor Party into the dirty ditches of capitalist tactics. Three years ago, that Party was unfortunate enough to win a general election on a mixed vote, and on taking office, immediately set about conciliating its temporary supporters by playing into their hands by adopting a mixed policy of Liberalism. One of its worst acts was to adopt and loist the policy of Conscription upon the workers against their will, and behind their backs, and to alter the policy of defence to one of foreign aggression at the instance of members of the National Service League, who dominated the Imperial Conference, which representatives—Messrs. Fisher, Pearce, and Bachelor—of the Labor Party attended, soon after the Labor Government was formed.

This paper was the only one that exposed and denounced what was done at that time, and we have never since ceased to cry shame upon the men who so traitorously sold the workers of this country to the international capitalists. We foretold that these men would wreck the party, that the elections would destroy their government, and that it would be far better that they should be turned out of office than that they should continue to mislead the workers and pilot them to self-destruction. We foresaw that once they were out of office the more militant of their followers would see the Liberals adopting all the worst features of their leaders' policy, and would take alarm and reconsider their position.

We have not had long to wait for the fulfilment of these forecasts, for the fall of the Fisher government has had the results anticipated. Labor journalists, who before the elections praised the Conscription Act as the best that human ingenuity and intelligence could devise, are now denouncing it as an "egregious blunder" and a working-class betrayal which is working the doom of the Party. Some, who advised the workers to vote the whole Labor ticket, are now rending the platform which they advised all to swallow, while others, who were conspicuous before the elections in articles "For the Referenda," have disappeared from the scene altogether. In Parliamentary circles there are rumours of battle, and of attempts to depose Mr. Fisher and other leaders, who,

through either their want of knowledge or want of moral ballast, weakly played the game as the Liberals wished them to play it, to the disaster of the Party, and the disgust of the more intellectual militants amongst their supporters.

With the Labor Party on the other side of the House, the workers will be better able to consider what they have done on its merits. When the next big strike occurs, and the workers find the Liberal Party using the Conscript troops against them, they will see more clearly how foolishly they supported what their leaders were doing, and they will be inclined to abandon them, and get into a party which has consistently opposed their betrayal.

The Rand upheaval has not been without its effect in showing the workers what troops are for. While the Labor Party was in power their journalists were always ready to show that our troops, being of the working class, could never be used against members of their own class, but now that the Liberals have command of the army these gentry will soon see what they can do with it. Our belief is that wherever there are troops, the Capitalists will always find a way to use them in their interests.

Seeing that we of the A.S.P. have been so fully justified by events, and that there is every prospect that the sound position which the party occupies is rapidly commending itself to the more intelligent and militant workers, there is just now a rather loud outcry being raised in the South for Unity. Certain dangerously weak elements, which but recently were in full sympathy with the reactionary Labor Party, and which have been in the past ever noted for their curiously mixed policy, now find themselves left behind by the revolutionary army, which sees no real difference between them and the ignorant laborites who support trust smashing, conscription, and industrial arbitration.

These gentry, finding that the worker who is disgusted with Laborism passes their heterogeneous organisation by, and makes straight for the uncompromising A.S.P., whose policy and principles are clear and unmistakable, now clamor for unity, but seeing that they have more in common with the Labor Party than with us, it is strange that they do not seek unity with that party and leave us to pursue our own way.

We, of the A.S.P., have nothing to gain by going backward. We know that when the Liberal worker advances it generally is towards Laborism, and when the Laborite grows out of his Laborism he enrolls in the revolutionary army of the A.S.P. When he sheds his political and economic superstitions, he does not put up at the first half-way house he comes to, but continues his journey till he arrives at the homestead of those who have consistently opposed all that he has now come to regard with aversion.

Seeing this, our Melbourne comrades should be careful how they listen to the voices that are now calling for Unity. They are doing fine work on their own lines, and any sound and useful militants who are seeking the clear light of revolutionary Socialism are bound to find a home with the comrades of the A.S.P. With a sound and capable organising Secretary in the person of Comrade J. R. Wilson, and a band of able and willing workers of both sexes, the Melbourne Branch of the A.S.P. can afford to smile at the outcry now being raised by those who thought that the Labor Party were going to win the last Federal elections, and who are now very much surprised and alarmed because it did not.

### THE EVIL OF THE MILLIONAIRE.

Francis Minton, M. A., rector of Cottingham, is convinced that the millionaire is a very great evil indeed. His qualifications for judgment are not confined to his occupation of a pupil. In his youth he served three years in an estate agent's office, and subsequently he managed two coalmines for 15 years. These experiences lead him to conclude that a juster distribution of property seems to be the crying need of the time. In the near future the services of the educated will command no higher price than unskilled labour, and these will therefore join some regiment of the socialist army. Thirty-eight out of the forty-three millions of the United Kingdom may be included in the poverty class, and half of that poverty is abject. More than a third of the gross income of the United Kingdom is appropriated by less than a thirtieth of the population; the property of the very rich does not benefit society; on the contrary, production tends to be limited to their wants—the wants of five millions against the wants of thirty-eight, who would buy if they had money to spend; inheritance of wealth is thus a sort of blackmail on production. He thinks therefore that confiscatory death duties should be imposed, and if that is not enough a liberally progressive income tax, becoming so severe as to prohibit accumulating a fortune in a lifetime.

Are you making good use of this paper? Are you putting copies into the hands of those who sit in outer darkness and need it so badly?

## Stepping Stones of the Human Race.

Socialism is founded on the rocks of Science, and opposes all superstition. We do not believe that man was created perfect and then fell. We believe with Lewis Morgan, the great American ethnologist, that mankind began at the bottom of the scale and has gradually been making its way to the top. In the course of this evolution mankind has passed through various stages of development, beginning with savagery, and ending to-day in civilization.

In tracing the development of the human race, Morgan divided its progress into three general periods, namely, savagery, barbarism, civilization. That is to say, mankind started out as savages, but advanced from their savage condition into a state of barbarism, which was a considerably higher state. Passing through barbarism, mankind became civilized, as they are to-day. But our civilization to-day is not the highest form that can be attained. We are continually advancing.

After having divided mankind's advancement into the three general divisions Morgan took each of these divisions and subdivided it. Savagery he divided into the lower, middle and upper period, i.e., condition; barbarism into the lower middle and upper period, and civilization into ancient and modern. It is yet too early to subdivide the period of civilization more fully than that.

Now, Morgan had a purpose in so dividing the history of the advancement of mankind into what are called ethnical periods. Each of those periods is determined by the implements of livelihood used at the time. The purpose, therefore, was to show clearly that the institutions raised by men, and their customs, etc., are all determined by the necessity of providing the material means of life. And this truth is a very weighty one, however simple the stating of it may seem. Upon this truth the whole Socialist movement bases itself. It is the ethnological bed-rock of Socialist science.

Morgan makes the lower status of savagery begin with the infancy of the human race, and extend to the time when men discovered fire and were able to make use of fish for food. Men were living only in a small section of the earth at that time, and were using only fruits and nuts for food. During this older period of barbarism men first made use of words to make their ideas known to each other. Of course the number of words they used was very small.

The next ethnical period—during which mankind were in the middle status of savagery—starts, of course, where the preceding period ends, with the use of fire and of fish for food. The middle status of savagery ends with the invention of the bow and arrow. While in this condition, mankind spread out from the small territory at first occupied, until they covered the greater portion of the earth's surface.

The upper status of savagery, the third and last subdivision, begins with the invention of the bow and arrow, and ends with the invention of pottery.

"The invention of the art of pottery, all things considered," says Morgan in his great work, "Ancient Society," "is probably the most effective and conclusive test that can be selected to fix a boundary line, necessarily arbitrary, between savagery and barbarism. The distinctness of the two conditions has long been recognised, but no criterion of progress out of the former into the latter has hitherto been brought forward. All such tribes, then, as never attained to the art of pottery will be classed as savages."

With the manufacture of pottery, therefore, begins the first sub-period of barbarism, during which mankind were in the lower status of barbarism. In the Eastern half of the world this period ends with the domestication of animals, in the Western with the cultivation of maize and plants by irrigation, and the use of adobe-brick and stone in house building. Some of the Indian tribes of the United States were in this condition when discovered.

The middle period of barbarism commences where the older period ends, and itself ends with the invention of the process of smelting iron ore.

The later period of barbarism, during which mankind were in the upper status of barbarism, begins with the manufacture of iron and ends with the use of writing in literary composition. Civilization then begins.

From all this we learn that mankind is steadily advancing; that the human race is moving on to an ever higher form of civilization. If this progress is to continue, Socialism, or Industrial Democracy, will have to be instituted. Without Socialism the human race can never reach the zenith of attainment. "Weekly People," New York.

## Alphabetic Aphorisms.

(By Ajax.)

Think truly—and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed!  
Speak truly—and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed!  
Live truly—and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

G. W.

A. Stands for Authority. That is the will of the ruling class. A also: Arrogance and absurdity. Two things closely associated. A also: Anarchy, which is the Antithesis of these.

B. Stands for Boys of the Bull Dog Breed. These be idiots who are deluded with the idea of sacrificing their life (the only thing they possess) for their country, an imaginary geographical area which they don't own, but labelly imagine their country.

C. Stands for Capitalism, the present economic system which rests upon the exploitation and expropriation of the people by plutocracy through the mediums of rent, profit, interest, etc. This is embodied in the "Constitution." This era is the epoch of Christian Civilization.

D. Stands for Divine. A theological parasite whose mission is to degrade the mass to a condition of serfdom and superstition through the instrumentality of theology. . . . Let me PREY is his prayer.

E. Stands for Economics and Evolution, two c's a knowledge of which is valuable to the individual. These branches of science are kept as far as possible the perquisite of the few. The ignorant are encouraged to look with disdain on such subjects. The slave class don't try to learn them, their motto is "Stand fast in the faith"—meaning "Stick in the mud."

F. Stands for Flags and Flatheads. Every country has a Flag and all national Flags are only rags to delude the rabble, that is the Flatheads or Fatheads! F also—Faith, Filth, and Fancy. It is hard to separate these three for they are crystallised into a creed. F also—Force, which is stronger than Faith. Indeed "There is no Force superior to Force." This expression is not a play on words. It is a Fact that Fatheads Fail to Foresee.

G. Stands for God. A ghastly goblin of the imagination. A credulous con-

ception of a supernatural personality. A sort of spiritual nonentity, in fact a heavenly policeman who is here, there and everywhere and nowhere when he's wanted. From a materialistic standpoint this Omnipotence is the incarnation of Authority, a metaphysical bogey whose *raison d'être* is that he is useful to the ruling class.

H. Stands for Hypocrisy, Hydrobole, and Humbug. The Trinity of charlatanry. Unless one graduates as a priest, lawyer, or politician, one cannot hope to become an adept in the art of Humbug. Humbug frequently spells Happiness for the rich. Hovels for the poor. Hypocrisy has mostly worn a crown or mitre, but Humbug considers Horsehair a more fashionable Headgear.

I. Stands for Individuality, Independence, Intellectuality. These things are reserved for the shirker. The worker cannot attain to these because he is an Insignificant Industrial Idiot In Industry.

J. Stands for Japan. According to our Jingo the Japanese are terrible people who will one day secretly and silently, in the dead of night, invade Australia. Kill all the men, rape all the women, and blow us all to smithereens; in the twinkling of an eye as it were. The second coming of Christ pales into insignificance beside this nightmare which the prejudiced white Australian believes in. It must be true! the press say so. Idiocy can go no farther.

K. Kill Joy Brigade. Puritanical wowsers who, under the cloak of morality would poison every pleasure and Kill happiness. According to them "Only he who is most miserable is truly righteous."

(To be continued.)

### SOCIALISM AND SUPERSTITION.

The man on the soap box was criticising some of the superstitions of the day, when one in the audience interjected:

"This isn't Socialism, is it?"

"No," replied the speaker, "but it leads that way. How are you going to get Socialism for a man who urges you not to marry a protestant woman, or tells you to pray to the saints instead of boiling the milk when there are deadly fevers about?"



## Conditions in Canada.

Specially Written for "The International Socialist."

By Alf. BUDDEN, Organiser for the Socialist Party of Canada.

April, 1913, has brought to the Socialist movement in Alberta new life. The sudden birth of a Liberal-Labor Party has placed the future of Socialist propaganda in the hands of those best qualified to carry it forward; has called new comrades from amongst those who wavered with the sympathizers, and has placed many whom we looked upon as tried and true where they belong.

It would appear that we in this country, despite the steady spread of Marxian Socialism, could not escape the Labor Party bug. There seems to be no way to dodge it. It appears suddenly, and if properly handled disappears with equal rapidity. It is as if it were a sociological smallpox rendering to prompt and vigorous treatment, but, if allowed to linger, distorting its victims in such a manner as to render them unrecognizable to their former comrades in the Revolutionary movement. It stinks!

The situation in Alberta contains today possibilities of moment. If the Labor Party still lives more and more efforts must be exerted to give it the coup de grace; it has a succulent look; to the slave who is not very well versed in the situation it looks alluring, but has the real character of dead sea fruit.

The cities are full of slaves who have come for the most part from across the sea or from the "States," fled from their Masters in Europe or the United States of America to hunt a fortune in the Golden West, only to find that they have come thousands of miles to handle a pick or shovel for the masters of this country.

The cities of the West, on first inspection, look prosperous enough. There are peanut stands at odd corners and real estate offices "to burn." The restaurant, hotel, "movie," and pool room industries flourish. On closer investigation, however, it will be revealed that those great industrial plants the immigration agents tell of exist for the most part in their own flamboyant imagination. The slave is then up against it, and does not know why—here is material galore for to work upon.

On the farms gaunt misery sits enthroned. Mortgage companies, bank and implement concerns prey like vampires upon the rural population. One pictures the Western farmer as he appears upon the "movies" of the various immigration agencies. Fat, jovial, and serene, seated upon his verandah fondling a roll of "bills" large enough to choke a mule. In the right foreground a herd of pure-bred Jersey cows chew the cud of placid content (never a mosquito to bother them, they having kindly consented to take a day off for the benefit of the photo. artist). To the left a bunch of the fattest, cleanest, squarest "lean singers," the fervid mind of the most advanced "rubist" could imagine. In the centre two or three children engaged in perpetual adoration of a beautiful apple tree, whose heavily laden branches spread grateful shade over a lawn of supernatural verdance. Blue sky overhead, distant pastures where roam horses of impossible agility and grace, a flock of virgin white sheep, a well-bred collie or two, a church, not forgetting the six-cylinder auto, make up a scene calculated to go to the heart of the slave whom the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Salvation Army are engaged in luring to this country.

Perhaps also they will favor one with a glimpse of the farmer in harvest time; see how proudly he rides his splendid hackney through fields of brooding agnagian grain, and he the proud owner of it all. One gets a view of his palatial residence in the near background, where fair daughters frolic upon the tennis court and manly sons lounge in the hammocks. Slaves (apparently sent down from heaven, for we are all masters here in a short time) labor upon the land.

But then these are the pictures of the immigration men, and do not in any way portray things as they are. To tell the truth is not business, to boldly stand up and give a resume of things as they actually exist has never been popular, and is most indiscreet, as C. M. O'Brien, Socialist member for Rocky Mountain, found out when he was thrown into jail for telling a few of these truths upon the streets of Calgary last summer; for, of course, you realize that this is the freest country on "God's fair earth."

Every little sucker who has been stung with a lot in "Swampy Hollow" or "Graftville," every little real estate shark (creeping out at night like mice to nibble the crumbs that fall from the table of the C.P.R. Land octopus), every little one-horse merchant in every little hamlet, every booster great and small will shriek out upon all the maledictions and damnations known and unknown. To knock—to tell the truth is anathema, the sin of witchcraft.

Boost is the word. Lie, swindle, cheat, defraud, get the money, never mind the

manner of getting it—get it. Sell subdivisions as remote from the city that a transcontinental railway is needed to link them up. Obscure the almost barbarian state of the "Golden West" and boost, don't knock—Capitalism run mad.

Upon the farms is, alas! not the idyllic state depicted, but grim toil and hardship. Women and men slave to get the rudiments of a living. They live in huts and shacks, for the most part built of sod and clay, plastered with bovine excreta. It is not that the land is unfertile; it is not that grain cannot be raised or cattle; it is not that the people are lazy; they revel in work, the hard and strenuous toil of the farm. We suffer with a climate; it wields a terrifying hand over all. Even as I write the snow is falling, and it is the 20th of April, in Calgary. The thermometer stands at 34 degrees Fahrenheit.

The boosters are shivering, but still howling of a prosperity that is not. The writer's business has taken him into every nook and cranny of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and he has not yet unearthed this gift of God and a Liberal Government.

Now and then one runs across a dwelling with the exterior of a human habitation, but shacks are the rule. If one spells prosperity in terms of child labor, then here is prosperity indeed. If prosperity is manifested in rags and want of the essentials of life, this country carries the palm. Look at these proud owners of a farm, their toil-worn hands and scarred faces. Their clothes, overalls for men and cotton cloth for women. Anyone can tell a farmer and his wife when he comes to town. His name is a reproach, his occupation a byword. And these shacks enter and judge—signs of modern culture manifest themselves everywhere. The anatomy of a cream separator, odd pieces of harness, a glowing three-colour print flaunting the superlative advantages of Massey-Harris machinery or "Fairquers Fig Fillip for Failing Frames" on the walls. A broken window tastefully repaired with paper or an empty flour sack, a stove in one corner over whose heat the slave toils in the summer, and around which the family, if any, crouch during the winter—that winter, so delightful, "when the air is so dry one does not feel the cold."

Sometimes there are two rooms, a thing easily accomplished by dividing the one room with paper or cheese cloth. Then one becomes the "best room," wherein the remnants of the past are safely stored. Most of the dwellers of the West come from other lands and cherish some relic of better times. A shelf hangs gingerly in one corner supporting books of various kinds. Longfellow, Scott, Byron, and an occasional Dickens. Often one catches the gleam of purple and gold which betrays Marx Capital or some other standard Socialist work. Occasionally a picture saved from the wreck of things as they were. Wood Nymphs. After Squirtgun, R.A. (lucky man). The latest photo, of George the Fifth, or George the American Revolutionist, beam from the walls in purple-faced benevolence. Sometimes the smiling face of Kier Hardie or the prominent molars of the "Terrible Ted" make display of their manifold virtues.

Poverty and hardship is written over all. Outside, clap board, tar paper, logs or sod compose the family shelter from the storms of a harsh climate. A washing machine, a coal oil can or two, and a stray but dusty hen adds beauty to the sylvan scene. Farm machinery squats in the yard as expensive as it is gaily painted, and all around, if it be summer, the grain waves, the mosquitos buzz and bite, the sand or deer flies whirl in joyous freedom, and the slave works.

To these people suffering from "the ills of rural life" and other things (since most are bachelors) the Socialist party goes with its propaganda, and the results are not discouraging. The city slave is organized to some extent in his trade unions, also in the centres of population are active Socialist locals. There has been much talking and spread of propaganda. One can reach the city dweller easily, but the farmer is another proposition. Isolated and apparently gaining his living in an individualist basis, he calls for an adoption of the Socialist position. The law of value must be explained in terms of wheat, oats, and stock. He does not sell the commodity labor power, but real commercial commodities, raw material, destined to become foodstuffs and raiment. The prices of grain at Liverpool determine the price at Winnipeg or Calgary, and by those prices he is ruled. When we consider the 1912 world's wheat crop ran into the enormous figure of nearly four billion bushels, and that this year will see a larger crop (if the gods smile upon the world-wide agriculture) then ever; when we discover that each and every country where grain can be raised is busy doing so, that every year modern science develops the

## Schools of the Future.

FRANCISCO FERRER AND HILAIRE BELLOC.

(By Harry Lowerison, in "The Clarion.")

Who that has read "Hills and the Sea" can deny that Hilaire Belloc, if he has not attained to immortality, has just missed it. He who cannot see that here is a great master of the literary art, and withal a big soul with a wide-eyed, kindly outlook on life and a big tolerance for the troubles of his fellows—he who cannot see this on reading Belloc has a mental or moral squint.

Why has Belloc missed the best he could have done? Because he, too, has a squint, the perverted vision with which the Holy Catholic Church dowers her children, I love Belloc as I love only one other living writer; I hate him savagely because he attacked the work of Francisco Ferrer. When Ferrer stood up in the trenches of the Montjuich fort at Barcelona, with that calm, clear-eyed, fearless face of his, to look down the rifles that were to end his life, why did Hilaire Belloc not recognise that here was Christ-humanity again on the cross with Hilaire Belloc's hands driving the nails? Simply because Belloc's eyes were blinded with the superstition misnamed religion. The pity of it! The awful, horrible pity of it.

Let anyone, open-eyed and honest, read this old book, "The Origin and Ideals of the Modern School," by Francisco Ferrer (Watts and Co.), and say what they think of the cowardly Spanish Government that murdered Ferrer at the behest of the Holy of the Holy Roman Church. His trial was a farce; his witnesses were withheld in custody; by all the standards of civilised countries Francisco Ferrer was murdered; and three years afterwards his property was restored to his executors and a Supreme Spanish Council declared his innocence!

What had he done? He had started a school like mine. He taught that militarism was a crime; that wealth was in equitably shared; that Capitalism was good neither for the masters nor their slaves; and that politics are rotten and tend to rot politicians. Further, he believed in boys and girls going to school together, and he pleaded further for the co-education of rich and poor.

Subversive of the present order all this, granted, but scarcely a sound reason, not even a judicial reason, for murdering the man who taught it.

He wrote to me once, but it was at a time when things looked very black at the beginning of our pioneer school, and I was worried and troubled and probably wrote to the effect that if he had courage and enthusiasm and sufficient capital he need have no fear. But I did not know, could not realise, the difficulties of Spain.

We have all laughed (and shuddered) at the Christian emperor whose beard was festooned with lice. "My body is a beast. I will tame it. I will not even cleanse it," said these and such like fanatics. Ferrer had to fight a Catholic Church which "saints" a Benedict who deliberately cultivated filth of person! Is it any wonder that the children of Spain are filthy, that the death-rate is high, that diseases which are easily preventable abound?

And your Church shot Ferrer, Mr. Belloc, because he taught children to wash themselves. Man, you, who might be—who are—so big, how little you were when you attacked Francisco Ferrer. I love and admire you very greatly, Hilaire Belloc. It is not pleasant to me to have to acknowledge of what clay my idol's feet are. But I will tell you something: In my fifty years of life I have met many men under many and varying conditions, and I never met man or woman yet who was better for his or her "religion." Many have I met who were worse, narrow and priggish, and superior, and puritanical, but never one who was better. And you are no exception, Belloc. Outside of "religion" you are a big, strong man, a giant even. On "religious" matters you have given your soul into another's keeping. I am not blaming you, Belloc. I am a Determinist. But if I had been God I would have made you a complete man. He missed such a chance in you. Is there a God, Belloc?—when

machinery of production in agriculture, adds to the quota of knowledge more and more up-to-date methods of increasing the output, we see that the position of the small farmer who cannot afford these new methods is not a happy one. On the other hand, it would appear that the purchasing power of the industrial workers (the great consumers of bread) is growing steadily less, thereby cramping the already restricted market, and it will need more than real estate sharks, immigration agents, and church missionaries to persuade the farmers that this system of just "hobbling along somehow" is not the best thing to work for, and to vote for, to boot.

(To be Continued.)

He lets a well-meaning man like you attack a well-doing man like Ferrer? If there is to be a Great Accompt, Belloc, and you and I meet there we shall probably stand on the lower middle steps, while the Shining Ones lead Francisco Ferrer by the hand into the Very Presence. Then I might turn and look at you and say: "Satisfied at last?" I wish there could be a Great Accompt, Belloc. Not that I want to triumph, but I want—I badly want—all priests put in their places. The priests misled you, and because you were weak enough to be misled you missed becoming an immortal.

Francisco Ferrer loved much, wrought his best, lived well, died nobly. Does the Infallible Church, which murdered him, think that his murder has killed the opinions he

"The conventional examinations which we usually find held at the end of a scholastic year, to which our fathers attached so much importance, have had no result at all; or, if any result, a bad one. These functions and their accompanying solemnities seem to have been instituted for the sole purpose of satisfying the vanity of parents and the selfish interests of many teachers, and in order to put the children to torture before the examination and make them ill afterwards. Each father wants his child to be presented in public as one of the prodigies of the college, and regards him with pride as a learned man in miniature. He does not notice that for a fortnight or so the child suffers exquisite torture. As things are judged by external appearances, it is not thought that there is any real torture, as there is not the least scratch visible on the skin."

"The parents' lack of acquaintance with held? Thinking men, the world over, are more and more coming to Ferrer's beliefs. Take this, from one of his articles on examinations, for instance: the natural disposition of the child, and the iniquity of putting it in false conditions so that its intellectual powers, especially in the sphere of memory, are artificially stimulated, prevent the parent from seeing that this measure of personal gratification may, as has happened in many cases, lead to illness and to the moral, if not the physical, death of the child."

On the other hand, the majority of teachers, being mere stereotypes of ready-made phrases and mechanical inoculators, rather than moral fathers of their pupils, are concerned in these examinations with their own personality and their economic interests. Their object is to let the parents and the others who are present at the public display see that under their guidance, the child has learned a good deal, that its knowledge is greater in quantity and quality than could have been expected of its tender years and in view of the short time that it has been under the charge of this very skilful teacher. Briefly, we are inexorably opposed to holding public examinations. In our school everything must be done for the advantage of the pupil. Everything that does not conduce to this end must be recognised as opposed to the natural spirit of positive education. Examinations do no good, and they do much harm to the child. Besides the illness of which we have already spoken, the nervous system of the child suffers, and a kind of temporary paralysis is inflicted on its conscience by the immoral features of the examination; the vanity provoked in those who are placed highest, envy and humiliation, grave obstacles to sound growth, in those who have failed, and in all of them the germs of most of the sentiments which got to the making of egotism."

Ferrer wrote well and clearly. This little book, with his fearless eyes looking at you from the cover, is well worth reading. But surely Mr. McCabe has mistranslated where he makes Ferrer say that the unequal distribution of wealth is a crime. I think that Senor Ferrer's ideal was my own: From each according to his ability; to each according to his needs. That would not and could not mean the forever impossible equality our opponents quote so glibly.

### POSITIVE PROOF.

Two boys bought a shilling's worth of marbles, and on the way home they had to pass a cemetery. "Let's jump over the fence," said one, "and divide them out behind that bush."

When getting over the fence they dropped two on the outside. When behind the bush one boy was counting them out, and saying: "That one for you and this one for me," and so on.

A negro was passing, who had been trained to believe in the Christian God and Devil, and when he heard the voices he fled for his life. A white man stopped him, and said "What's the matter?" The blackfellow said he was passing the cemetery and heard God and the Devil sharing the dead between them.

"Nonsense," said the white. Don't be silly; come back with me."

When they were just outside the cemetery, they heard the boys say: "when we get the two outside, we will have the lot."

The two men waited to hear no more, but fled for their lives. It is now useless to ask them to pass a cemetery or to argue on the existence of a personal God or a Devil. They claim to have positive proof.



## A Curse.

'T is impotent to curse but in despite  
Of better means to vindicate the right.  
I raise my hand, and with a furious heat  
Heap imprecations on the wrongs I meet.  
I curse the horrid lust of man for war  
His foul delight his fellow man to mar;  
The game of murder and the fiendish joy  
To sack and pillage, ravage, and destroy.  
The callous statesman who employs his time  
Supporting vested wrongs—increasing crime  
The scribe whose hireling pen is freely sold  
To those who lust and thirst and live for gold  
Whose dark conspiracies endanger states  
Defy the heavens and employ the fates  
Who ravage slums where death broods; in his lair  
And factory, mill, and mine and garden fair;  
Despoiling all who labor; building thrones  
On human flesh and blood and bleaching bones.  
W.R.W.

## Is Socialism Robbery?

## LET US SEE.

Some newspaper men and clerics are either asinine or puerile in their arguments against Socialism; others are simply malignant liars. They know better. Here follow some Socialism-in-School lessons to help lame reasoners over the economic stile:

"What would be done to check the trusts under Socialism?" They wouldn't be checked. They would be destroyed; that is to say, Socialism purposes that the government control all industry, which would leave no room whatever for a private or corporate trust.

"If a man had saved, say 2000 dollars, under Socialism—would he be allowed to do as he pleased with that money?" He certainly would, just as far as it was possible for him to do as he pleased. He could spend it as he might see fit, but he could not "invest" it in such a way as to make others work for him and surrender part of their product to him.

"Would a man who owned ten cows and five horses be compelled to dispose of a certain amount of his stock under Socialism?" Why should he? But if he had more stock than he could attend to without exploiting someone else, he would not be compelled to dispose, but he would clearly want to do so. But private property, except in so far as it becomes "investment" used for purposes of exploitation, would be far more secure under Socialism than it could possibly be now.

"What would be done with John D. Rockefeller's money under Socialism?" As to John D. Rockefeller's money, it would be left for him to decide what he would do with it. The fact is, John D. Rockefeller has very little money. There is much money deposited in his banks; vast sums of money come to him; but he keeps it out "invested." Private investment would cease under Socialism and there would be no great returns for Rockefeller any more, but "his money" would still be his.

—"Appeal to Reason."

## Who pay the Taxes?

By J. A. WAYLAND.

Jones pays the freight—but who the deuce pays Jones? All taxes are paid, and only paid, by the men who produce useful articles. In fact, all expenses of whatever nature or character are paid by the usefully engaged working class, and whenever anything is used to administer to the needs or pleasures of any person not so engaged with mind and muscle that thing is robbed by some device or other from the working class. It does not in the least alter the case if the non-producers are working—even at the most slavish labor—unless the labor is in itself productive. A large percent of the people of all nations who are working with brain and brawn are as much non-producers and leeches as if they were idling in idle luxuriousness. All people in armies, in law, in personal service, as servants and lackeys, and in the making of useless ornaments, are non-producers—all are on the shoulders of and supported by unpaid useful labor.

## International Socialist Club.

The adjourned general meeting of the Club will take place on Sunday the 10th of August 11 a.m. sharp. Business, declaration of the result of the ballot for secretary. Other unfinished business.

O. BLANC, Sec.

## SPECIAL CLUBBING OFFER.

## The International Socialist Review

The Fighting Magazine of the Working class, is now the largest and best Socialist American monthly magazine in any country. Each month it gives the latest news of the Class Struggle from all over the world, with vivid photographs from each new scene of action. Not a dull page in the whole magazine. The ablest writers in the organized Socialist movement are among its contributors. Editorially it stands for a clear, uncompromising working-class movement, both at the polls and in the shops. 6d. per copy, postage 1d. extra.

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## THE CREED OF THE CAPITALIST.

(By "Vorenus.")

"Be industrious" is one of the finest precepts the wage-slaves of the world have ever had preached at them. The more industrious they are the less wealth they will consume, but the more wealth will there be for the capitalist class to squander. For the capitalistic person is far from industrious. He spends almost all the wages-slaves earn, and begs them to live on hope in order that he may have more to spend. The toiler's reward will come in the next world, wherever that is, and he is told to be meek and humble here in order that his cup may be filled to the brim "over there." The capitalists, strange to say, are quite content to enjoy life to the full here and chance what comes afterwards. Therefore they tell the wage-slaves to be industrious here for such will lead them to heaven. As far as I can see it has, up to the present, very much landed them in hell, and the more industrious they become the further they seem to sink into that "bottomless pit." The workers' industriousness should lead them to think of nothing else but Mr. Capitalist and how to increase his profits. They should rush about and work themselves to death in order to give him a life of ease and luxury. If they do that they are sure to get their reward—in the life to come; but while they are doing it they seem to forget that Brother Capitalist does the very opposite and yet manages to live on the best of everything; also that their concern for that Gentleman kills them off, on an average, twenty years before his time comes. So after all it is grand for the Capitalists—to see the workers industrious. And, strange to say, I would like to see the workers more industrious—in the cause of Socialism. Oh, brother wage-slaves, if you were only one-tenth as industrious for yourselves as you are for Capitalism you would indeed be men. Get into line and be industrious for the masses. Talk Socialism to them "every blessed chance you get." Keep at it, and soon you will reap the reward of the right kind of industriousness, viz., that of Socialism.

## The I.W.W. in Australia.

The Editor "International Socialist."

Dear Sir,—I am instructed by the Sydney section I.W.W. to inform you that the leading article in your last issue dealing with the history of the I.W.W. in Australia was discussed at the meeting held last night, and something more than surprise was expressed that the existence of the Pioneer Club adhering to the original preamble of the I.W.W., advocating political as well as industrial action, was totally ignored. For all who take an intelligent and active interest in militant unionism, and what May Day stands for, and the Anti-Militarist and general Socialistic propaganda, are aware of the fact that the Socialist Labor Party took the initiative in forming the first club in this city. Jas. O. Moroney, delivering the inaugural address, and the first local and warring factions mentioned in your article, did not appear upon the scene till after the disruption movement in America, arising from the elimination of the political clause from the preamble. As the article states that the objective of the anti and non-political locals is to smash Socialism, surely a Socialist journal should be accurate in matters of history and fact, and not suppress the information that the Pioneer I.W.W. movement is still doing consistent and persistent work for constructive Socialism by spreading light and knowledge with literature, and urging the workers to embrace Industrial Unionism allied with political action as the only way out of the prevailing social jungle. Working class emancipation, socialist unity based on the recognition of the class struggle, would indeed be a far-off dream, if your picture was true to life that the I.W.W. in Australia was represented by those who revel in singing the glories of vagrancy, relating gaudy reminiscences and the ethics of hobocism and sabotage, etc. The initiation of the Salvation Army and parodies on their "Lelujah" hymns may appeal to people of warped and undeveloped minds, but the I.W.W., on whose behalf I write, recognise that to enlist the support of thoughtful working men and women, our propaganda must be based on reason and science to hasten the evolution of a true social civilisation. It is then only fair and just, in the interests of Socialism and Truth, that this statement of our position should appear as a supplementary correction of the article reviewed.—Yours, etc., GEORGE WAITE, Cor. Sec. Sydney Section I.W.W.

(We cheerfully make amends by publishing the foregoing. There was no intention to suppress information regarding the original I.W.W.—Ed.)

## A.S.P. News &amp; Notes.

## NATIONAL EXECUTIVE.

Nominations for Party Officers have been received as follows:

General Secretary: J. W. Roche Nominated by Sydney, Balmain, Newtown, Melbourne.

H. L. Denford, nominated by Ipswich.  
General Treasurer: W. R. Winspear, nominated by Sydney, Balmain, Newtown, Melbourne, Ipswich.

Trustees: 2 to be elected: G. H. Slade, nominated by Newtown, Balmain, Melbourne.  
M. Carney, nominated by Newtown.  
F. J. Riley, " " Sydney, Ipswich.  
A. Rutherford, " " Ipswich.  
Norman White, " " Sydney.  
T. Walsh, " " Melbourne.  
J. W. Roche " " Balmain (declines)

## MELBOURNE BRANCH A.S.P.

Last week just gone, has been one of the best in the history of our branch, in as much as there has been good attendance at our propaganda meetings, as well as the dances run for revenue.

Saturday's dance was a top-notch, both for attendance and income, while the Tuesday's dance brought a little revenue party-ways.

The Sunday School attendance was also fairly good, but still more scholars will be welcomed.

The lecturer at the branch headquarters, on Sunday evening, was W. H. Hulce, of the Railway Men's Union.

This was the first occasion that Mr. Hulce lectured for us, and although subjected to a considerable amount of criticism, he has promised to speak again in the immediate future. The subject matter of his lecture consisted of a review of the working-class situation in Australia, both politically and industrially, the lack of working class unity and the enormous waste of effort as a result. The lecturer at the close, was accorded a hearty vote of thanks. A feature of the meeting was the excellent music provided by our Russian comrades, who were also accorded hearty applause.

The Yarra Bank meeting was also well attended, able speeches being delivered by Messrs. Harris and Jeffrey, while the writer had the usual chip in. A collection was taken up on behalf of the Geelong Sewage Workers on strike, amounting to 13/6, doubtless the amount would have been much more, but for the somewhat sparse attendance, compared to ordinary Sundays, when the weather is favourable. Next Sunday a special appeal will, however, be made on their behalf, while W. Culliney, the U.L.A. Secretary, will be present to put the position, and the latest developments.

On Sunday Dr. Bottomley lecture's under our auspices on Sex and Social Disorder, a large attendance therefore being anticipated. The following Sunday two speakers will occupy our platform, one being our able young comrade H. J. Cruickshank, and the other speaker, whose name is unknown at present, a member of the Melbourne Russian Society. The lectures will be delivered in Russian and English, it being a joint meeting of Russian and Australian Socialists.

On Sunday, August 10th, Mr. Renwick, of the Single Tax League, will deliver an address on competition, while Comrade Alt-james will lecture on August 17th, on The Philosophical Basis of Socialism.

Now Comrades, boom our lectures, boom our dances, and thereby further the progress of the Branch.

A case of smallpox has at last been discovered in Melbourne, with the result that there has been a rush on the part of thousands of the working-class to the vaccination booths.

Upon the merits or demerits of vaccination the writer has no comment to offer, being entirely outside his sphere. But there is an aspect of the matter that from the standpoint of liberty cannot be lightly set aside.

I refer to the high-handed action of certain employers, who have suddenly arrogated to themselves the right to dictate to those they employ, that they must be vaccinated or be prepared for dismissal.

This high-handed action on the part of the exploiting fraternity certainly calls for measures calculated to effectively deal with such self-appointed custodians of the public health, since there are a growing number of people who have conscientious objections to vaccination just as there are a number of people who have conscientious objections to any form of compulsory militarism.

Besides, if their interference with the health of any individual who has any reason to believe that vaccination is a danger to his or her health, is allowed to pass, there is no reason why the same arrogant humbugs should not be permitted to interfere in other matters, political, religious, or otherwise.

The fact, however, remains, that their power to dictate, in this respect, is due

solely to their being in possession of the agencies of production, and distribution, therefore enabling them to exercise their power to dismiss any wage-slave who does not comply with their wishes.

Wage-slaves who are given to loud-mouthed claptrap, about freedom, should make a note of this, and remember that under capitalism the freedom of which they boast, is the freedom of the dog on a chain.  
—J. R. WILSON.

## SYDNEY.

Highly successful meetings were held in Liverpool-str. on Friday and Saturday evenings by com. Roche, Sims and Whitmore with com. Marquet as a record literature seller.

Despite the rain a good meeting was held in the Domain on Sunday afternoon with a good collection and sales of paper.

Sunday evenings meeting in Park and Market-sts. were successfully carried out by com. Sims, Roche and Slade.

Members having changed their address during the last two years, should forward their new address to the secretary 115 Goulburn-str.

Thursday August the 7th is the date of next business meeting, it is your duty to be there.

Cecil WHITEHORE

SECRETARY.

## NEWTOWN.

Splendid meetings were held at Newtown Bridge on Saturday and Sunday evenings, July 19, and 20. Comrade Walsh was the speaker and good sales of literature were effected.

On Saturday evening, July 26, Comrades Kilburn and Jones kept a good audience interested for some time, while the literature sellers did good work.

ANNIE DUFFIELD, Sec.

## LEICHHARDT-ANNANDALE.

Comrades Nelson and Young held a successful meeting here on Saturday evening and received a good hearing.

## I. S. Club Liedertafel Anniversary.

On July 18, the I. S. Club Liedertafel celebrated its thirteenth Anniversary at the Masonic Hall, Castlereagh-str., Sydney. An excellent programme of songs and dramatic items was rendered and thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience. After the concert dancing was kept up till the following morning and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Pastor to converted Hebrew boy: "Now Isaac, why did Judas hang himself after selling our Savior?"

Isaac (with a glow of intelligence): "Please sir, he thought he had sold him too cheap."

## LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

Woman and the Social Problem (May W. Simons)	1d
The Growth of Socialism (Debs)	1d
From Revolution to Revolution (Herron)	1d
Revolutionary Unionism (Debs)	1d
Wage, Labor and Capital (Marx)	1d
The Man Under the Machine (Simons)	1d
The Mission of the Working Class (Vail)	1d
Prison Labor (Debs)	1d
Parable of the Water Tank (Bellamy)	1d
Why I Am a Socialist (Herron)	1d
What Life Means to Me (London)	1d
Science and Socialism (La Monte)	1d
Unity and Victory (Debs)	1d
Where We Stand (Spargo)	1d
Why a Workman Should Be a Socialist (Wilshire)	1d
Socialist Party and Working Class (Debs)	1d
You and Your Job (Sandburg)	1d
Liberty (Eugene V. Debs)	1d
Class Unionism (Debs)	1d
An Appeal to the Young (Kropotkin)	1d
The Issue (Eugene V. Debs)	1d
Industrial Unionism (Debs)	1d
Industrial Union Methods (Trautmann)	1d
Forces That Make for Socialism (John Spargo)	1d
Craft Unionism (Eugene V. Debs)	1d
The Seab (Jack London)	1d
Woman and Socialism (May Walden)	1d
Revolution (Jack London)	1d
Useful Work v. Useless Toil (Morris)	1d
The Tramp (Jack London)	1d
Mary on Cheapness (translated by La Monte)	1d
Danger Ahead	1d
Debs and Russell	1d
Postage 1d. each extra. 8d. per doz. post paid.	

International Socialist Club,  
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Open daily for Members and Visitors from other parts, from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.

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Debating Class meets on Tuesdays, at 8 p.m.

Members of the A.S.P. and S.L.P. are cordially invited to attend.

O. BLANC, Secretary.

Printed and published by Henry Edmund Holland, for the International Socialist Club, at 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.